

MARVEL®  
15th Dec 90

# THE REAL

№131 45p

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# GH<sup>OST</sup>BUSTERS™

AMAZING  
ANNUAL  
COMPETITION  
INSIDE!

EXCUSE ME,  
WHILE I BRUSH  
THIS PEST  
ASIDE!

ISSN 0954-9404



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There's something *buzzing* on the desk, and it's not **The Real Ghostbusters'** emergency telephone. It's a beastly bug monster that's a-buzzing round the HQ in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

It's looks as though Janine isn't having a particularly spook free week, as not only does she have to deal with the demon desk beetle, but also with a *possessed* hair-dryer in a supernatural tale entitled **Hair Raiser!**

It's Peter though who has to confront the ghostly vacuum cleaner when his turn comes to do the **Haunted Housework!** Why are so many household appliances taken on a life of their own? Well, maybe Egon can explain it all in the one hundred and thirty-first part of the ever popular **Spengler's Spirit Guide!**

Plus, apart from a special yuletide **Slimer** story, there is an extra special ectoplasmic competition to win lots of Real Ghostbusters books!

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



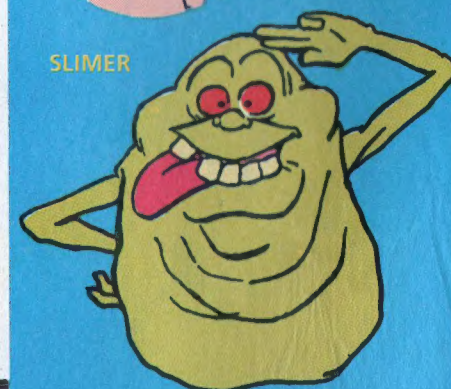
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STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



JANINE  
MELNITZ



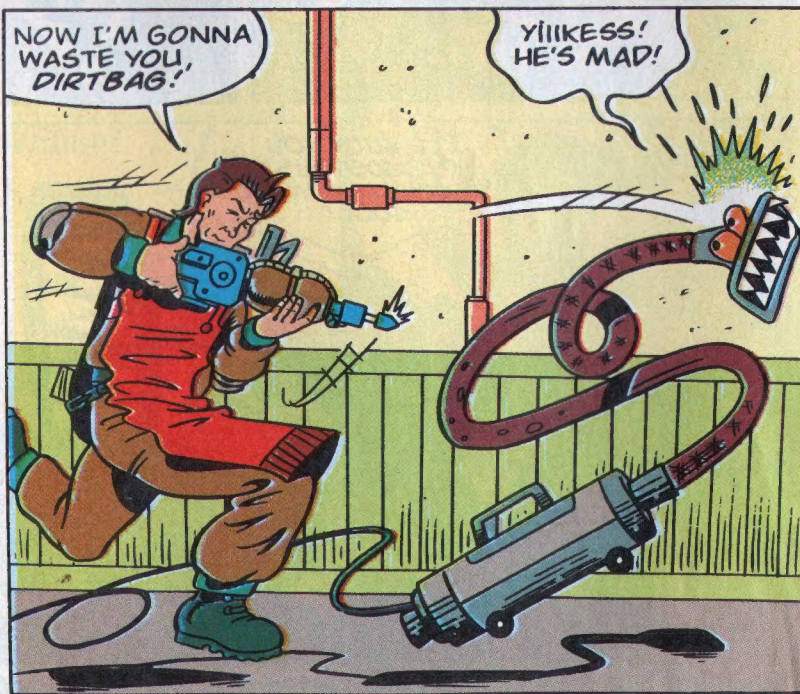
SLIMER



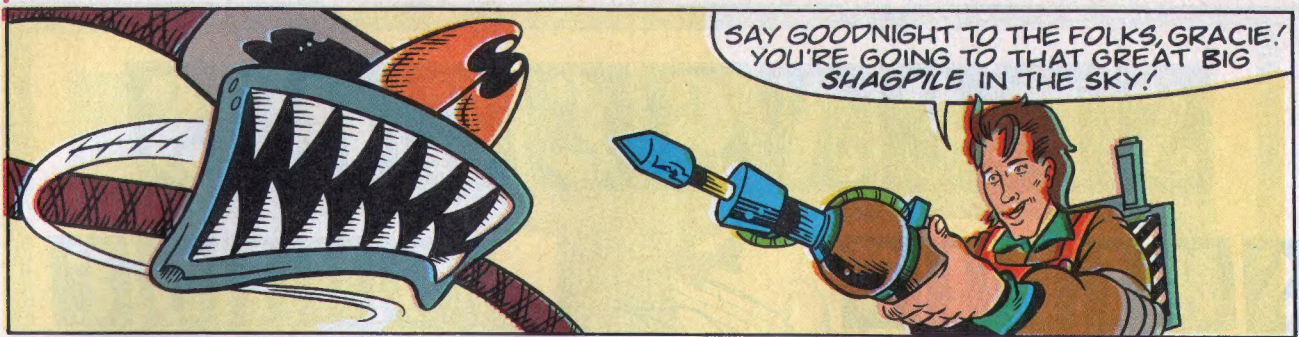
# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™













# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE



Davis Gantry of Tarbrush County, one of my more regular correspondents wrote in recently after reading a feature in *Practical Paranormalologist* by my old friend Victor Strangefellow, now Fellow of Banishment at the Vondahuck Institute of Belgrade. Victor's feature had been all about home-busting spirits that inhabit household appliances, and Davis was keen to know more.

Let's look at some case studies. First Davinia Smurt, a housewife in the Midwest, who was plagued for over six months by a Class one Wraith that inhabited her food mixer, her electric carving knife and a small portable vacuum cleaner. The first sign of trouble was when her food mixer started to edge away from her across the work surface every time she wanted to use it. Eventually, she gave up trying, and left the mixer to gather dust. A week later, the spirit moved into her carving knife and began to exhibit an alarming vegetarian tendency by refusing to have anything to do with meat. Crisis point came when she was busy prepping a meal for some houseguests, and found the carving knife playing up when brought near to the roast chicken. Assuming the spirit had now left the mixer, she

## PART 131

tried to prepare a quick salad instead, but the mixer revolted on her and filled the kitchen with high speed chunks of celery, tomato and chinese leaf. Desperate to clean up before her guests noticed, she pulled out the mini-vac, which sucked up the mess and then promptly spat it out at something approaching six hundred miles an hour through the serving hatch into the lounge where her guests were seated. Houseguest Bud Wintz said later 'it was truly amazin'. There was veg everywhere, a whole blamed storm of the stuff. I thought a salad truck had crashed into the house.' Luckily the Reverend Ronnie Felt, a Monumentalist preacher, who was also a guest of Mrs Smurt, acted

swiftly and saved the day by filling the mixer with holy water, chopping garlic cloves with the carving knife, and booting the mini-vac ninety yards on to Interstate 67 where it was crushed by a passing eighteen wheeler. A service of thanks was later given to Reverend Felt's previous career as a field goal kicker for the Regal County Rottweilers.

In Pennsylvania, Derry Coggin had a lot of trouble with his telephone answering machine. A busy man who relied on his message taker, he was disgruntled to find it had developed its own message for incoming calls which went 'I'm here, actually. Go away.' Nobody was ringing him anymore. Coggin wondered who he should call, and, what's more, if they called back when he was out, how would he know? Problems grew worse when his phone started to ring up long distance numbers at random, leaving messages like 'I'm calling on behalf of Derry Coggin. Please know that you are very ugly and smell slightly.'

Derry threw the answerphone out of his flat in annoyance, and a week later he got a call from it asking if he was sorry for being so hostile.

Derry has since gone exorcist-directory.





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A SMARTER WAY TO SAVE



# 200 GHOSTBUSTERS' BOOKS TO BE WON!

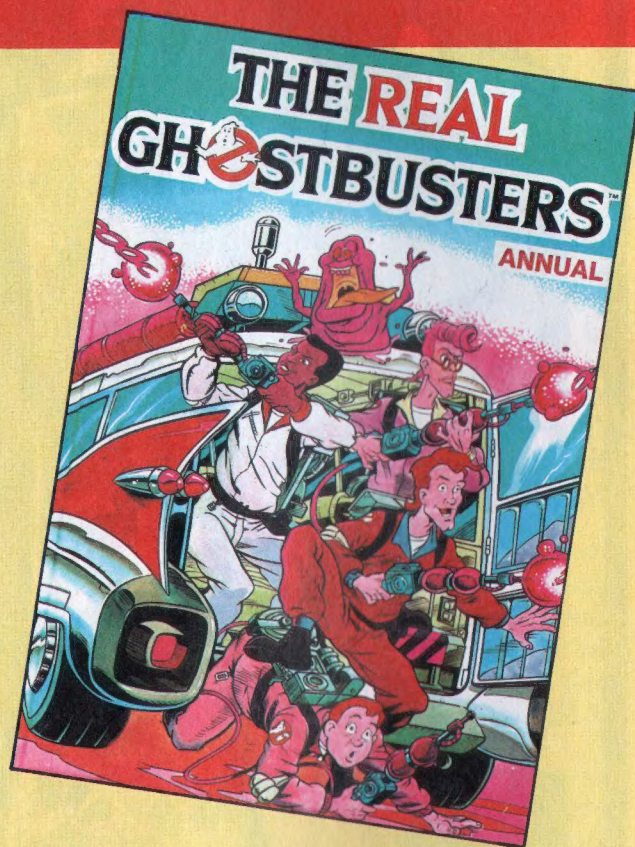
That's right! **Marvel** are giving away hundreds of Real Ghostbusters books to the winners of this ectoplasmically exciting easy-to-enter competition.

The first fifty correct entries that are drawn after the closing date will each receive the latest fantastic **Real Ghostbusters Annual**, the spooky **Real Ghostbusters Compendium – The Giggling Ghoul** and other stories, the **Slimer Big Comic Book** and the **Blimey! It's Slimer Compendium**. A whopping great spooky, slimy prize, and all you have to do is answer the questions below.

Once you have filled in the answers and found the missing word, write the answers on a postcard, or on the back of an envelope, put your name, age and address at the bottom and post your entry to:

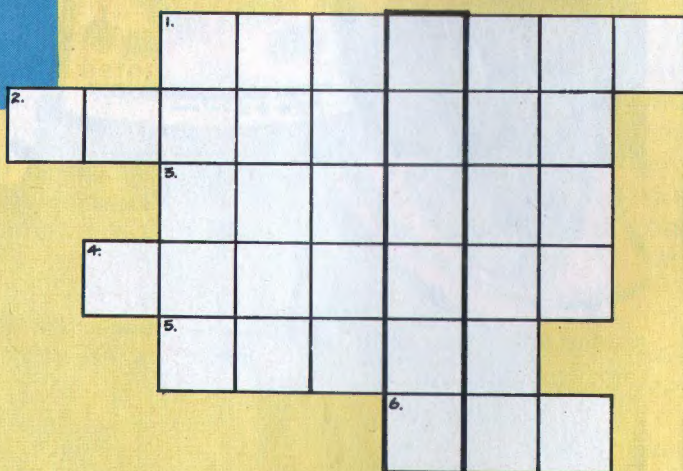
**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS ANNUAL  
COMPETITION,  
MARVEL COMICS LTD,  
13/15 ARUNDEL STREET,  
LONDON  
WC2R 3DX**

Entries should arrive no later than  
**Friday, 28th December 1990.**



## QUESTIONS

1. Ghostbuster Zeddmore?
2. The Ghostbusters' scientist?
3. The Ghostbusters' receptionist?
4. The pizza loving Ghostbuster?
5. The major demon from Ghostbusters the movie?
6. The shortest Ghostbuster?



If you don't happen to be one of the fifty lucky prize winners, don't forget that all of the Real Ghostbuster and Slimer books are available from good bookshops.

**Rules:** The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain other than employees and their families of Marvel Comics Ltd. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified in due course.



# MARVEL®



## 22 REASONS WHY OUR ANNUALS ARE SO FULL OF CHARACTER!

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# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story **DAN ABNETT** Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS**



*Friday, 7th December 1990*

Dear Diary, here's a funny thing that happened to us the other day. Funnily enough, 'Here's a funny thing' were exactly the words Ray used at the start of the whole thing, so there's another funny thing, really.

We get a massive amount of mail everyday, here at HQ. Egon once did a breakdown of typical contents which came out as: 55% requests for help, 12% fan letters, 9% threats of legal action, 7% research correspondence, 7% junk mail and circulars, 6% bizarre paraphernalia and 4% letters for a Mavis Prunella von Tooting (not known at this address). We've never established quite who Mavis Prunella von Tooting is, or why we get so much of her post. There's no sender's address on the envelopes either, and we've never dared open one, since Peter says he saw one particular manilla envelope addressed to Ms Von Tooting shudder whilst lying in the mail rack. But none of that's important right now.

What is important is the 6% we call bizarre paraphernalia. This is all kinds of funny things; usually trinkets, parchments, old books, scraps of notes, odd-shaped statuettes or novelty key rings that correspondents the world over have sent in to Egon in the hope that they can get them identified, valued, analysed, exorcised or just simply out of the house. Egon says that many useful and valuable things have come to him from ecto-enthusiasts all over the world in the last few years, and some of them have proved indispensable to us in our everyday work. Without the Amulet of Snurk that Mrs Hester Hatchback of Idaho found in her attic and posted to us, how could we have banished the Carnosaur of Rukk back into his slithery dimension? How many human souls would have been in the undying control of Count Vladivost Spatula had we not confronted him with the contents of the Phial of True Distilled Dawn Sunlight, sent in by

Bernard Quiggley of Erith? What sort of a mess would Hackensack be in now if not for our timely deployment against the Nurfegs of Wunth of the Eldritch Broom of Ultimate Cleanliness sent to us air mail by Randolpho Winksplate of Geneva? A pretty gloopy mess, I can tell you. Some of these strange objects can be very useful indeed.



Some of the others are just plain strange. There's not much you can accomplish with only one thulking strap (thanks anyway, Mr Critchley of Baltimore) even if it does fit any size. Are you sure you've no idea where your uncle Tobias left the other ones? And an Omnivert is all well and good (we do appreciate you sending it in, Ellis Plitz of Seattle) but even Egon admits he's not sure which way up it goes or how to get it working. Maybe someone out there has the instructions (it's the deluxe model with the teak finish and the self-locating quoonts). When you've worked through the plain strange, you then get to the positively dangerous. One of these came in a A4 jiffy bag last week, and caused Ray to say 'Here's a funny thing' as he opened the seal and looked inside. A note enclosed in said package later revealed that it should have contained some 'reg'lar



darned queer mould' that a Mr Dwight Twampy of Illinois found growing on the spine of an old book that turned up in his late Uncle's attic during house clearing. Dwight, a keen subscriber to *Amateur Exorcist International*, was something of a fan of Egon, and knowing his fascination for spores and fungi, he popped it in the post.

Unfortunately the mould was a growth of the so-called Mi-Turn, the living fungi of Soggyoth, and in the course of its trip through the mail it had reacted *badly* with the ultra-violet post code scanners used by the mail company.

The funny thing that Ray found when he opened the envelope rapidly expanded, once free, into | a | much | larger funny thing with chattering antennae, clicking mouth parts, drooling ooze and the faint chill of lonely deep space forming like frost on its body shell.

We all leapt back from Janine's desk in amazement (though it should be noted that our reaction ('what is that thing?') was rather different from Egon's ('Fungi from Soggyoth? Here? On Earth? In this day and age?') as the creature writhed and snapped and slavered and generally threatened cruel affliction to anything that came near it.

Janine's Word Processor bit the dust thanks to a flailing mandible. Papers scattered, files flew, the creature continued to grow in size and seemed about to strike out at one of us.

Janine, through all of this had remained seated at her desk calmly, and now she smiled as the fungi from Soggyoth vanished in a shriek and a haze of blue light energy.

Janine looked at our questioning faces.

"I haven't survived as receptionist to this crazy outfit without rigging up a Ghost Trap on my desk between the in-tray and the out-tray. Lord knows what sort of things pop out of the mail we get

sent. That's the third fungi beast this month. I'm just a well-prepared secretary!



Egon frowned and took on a thoughtful expression 'I think I'll have to revise our statistics concerning the composition breakdown of mail.'

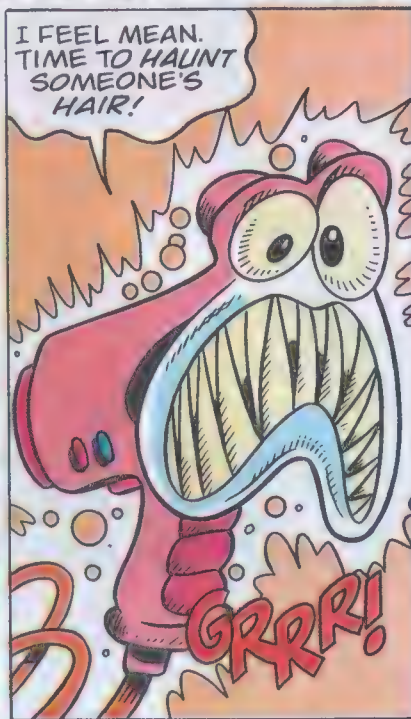
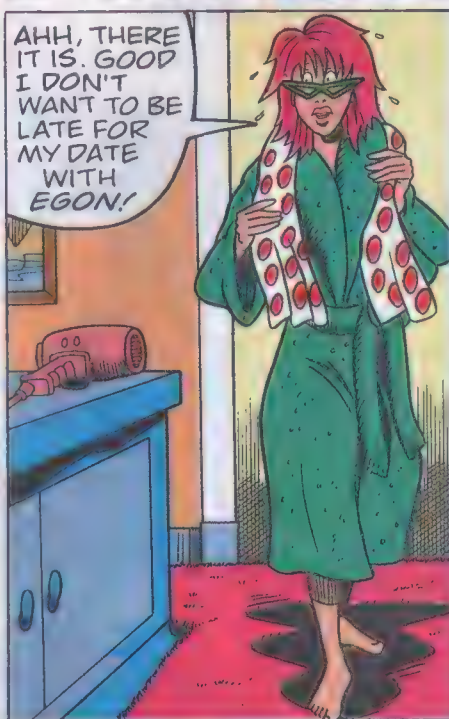
Peter began to get his colour back 'Yeah, and while you're at it, stamp anything suspicious with "return to sender" in future.' We set about our work again. As Ray and I kitted up to go out on the next bust, he muttered, "That's what every firm needs. A receptionist who can deal with hate mail. And if there's one thing Janine hates. . ."

He's right, you know. Now there's a funny thing.

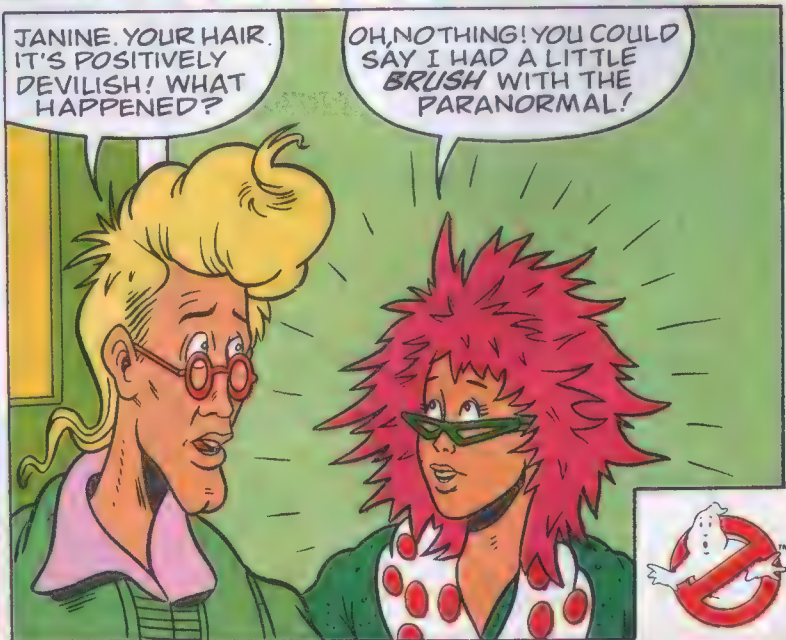




# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





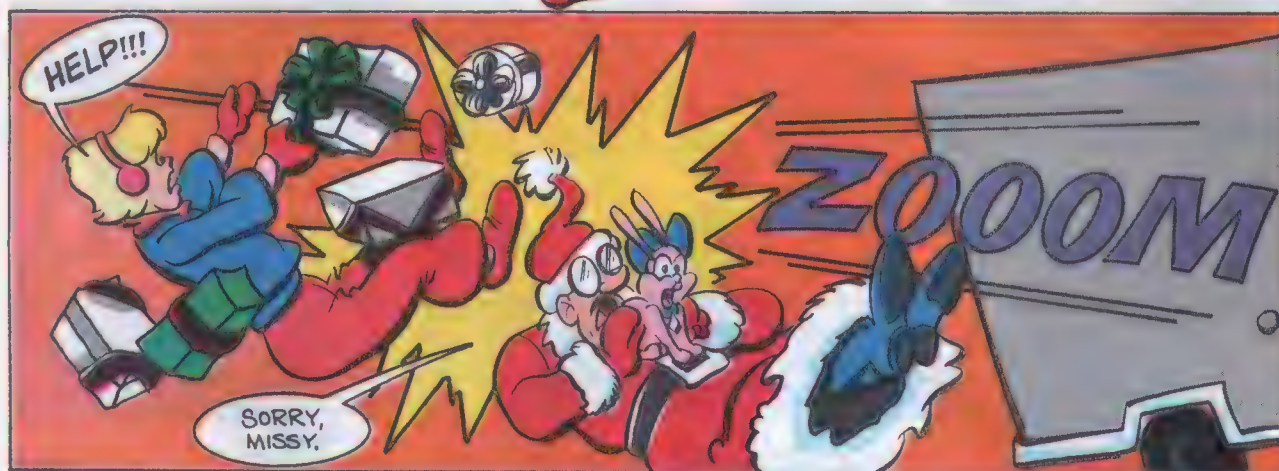
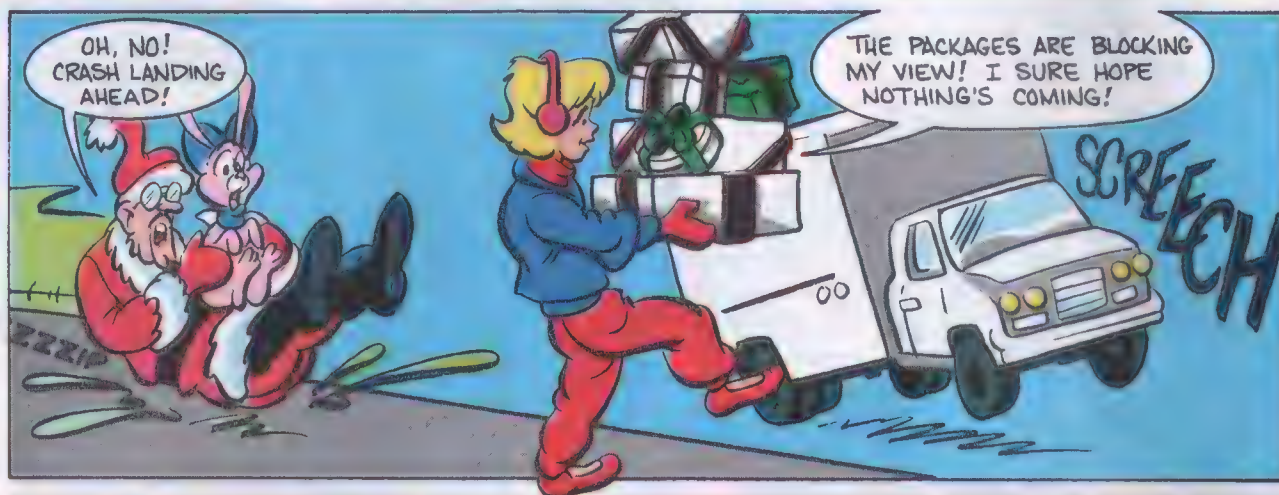
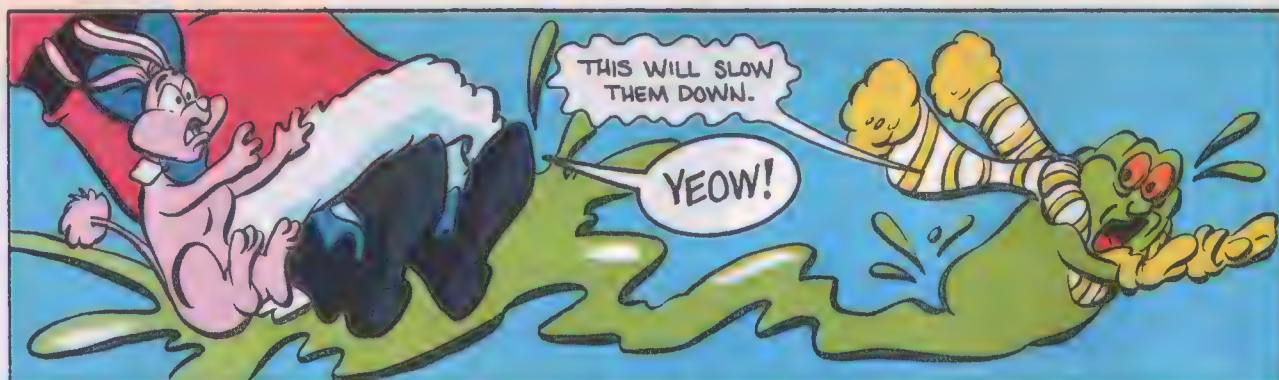




# SLIMER!™ IN "CHRISTMAS EXPERIMENTS"



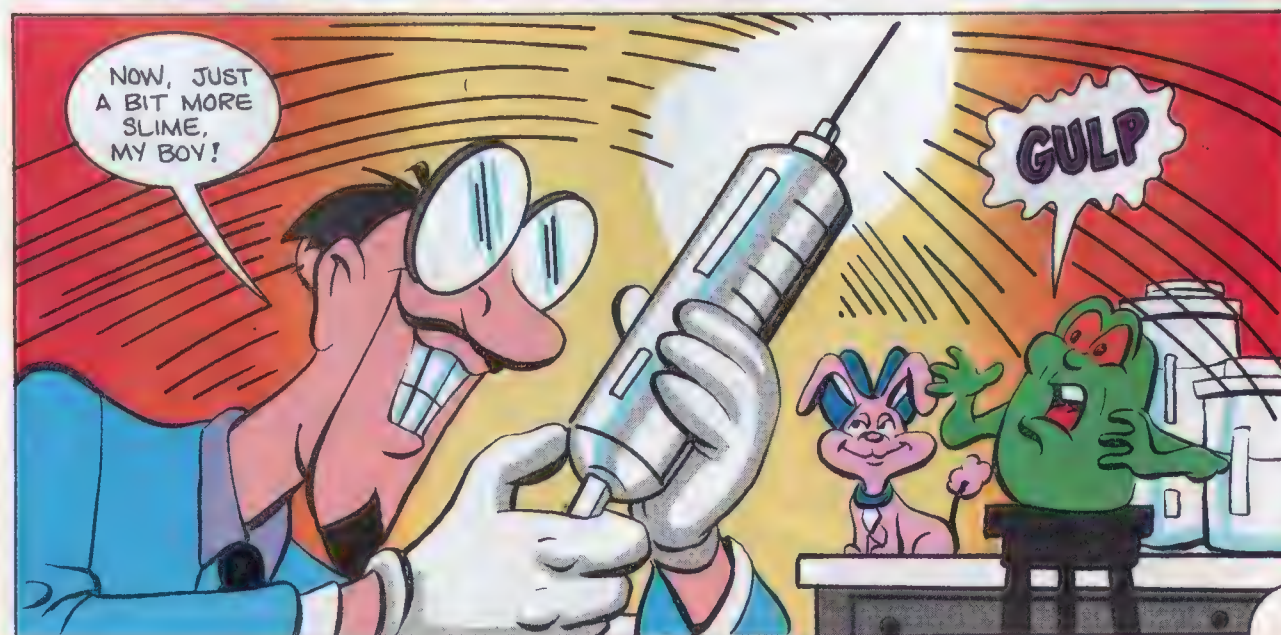




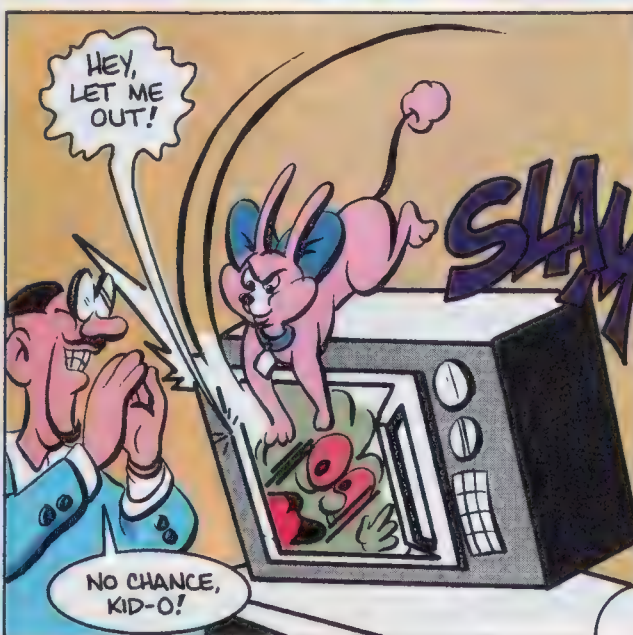
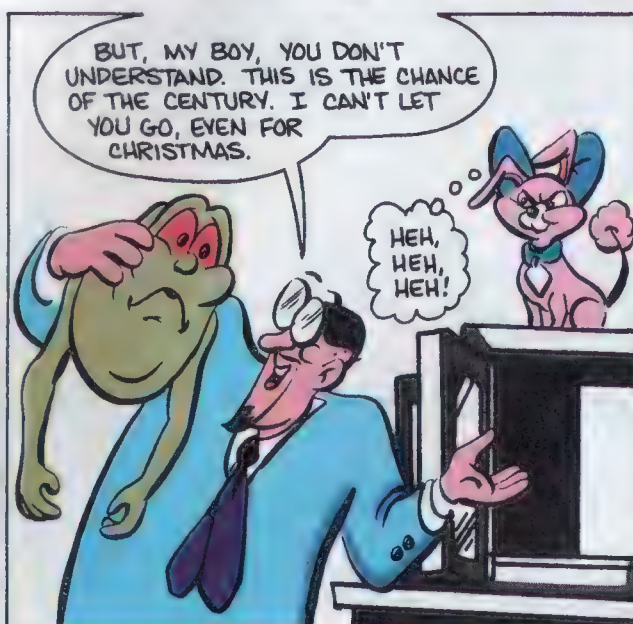




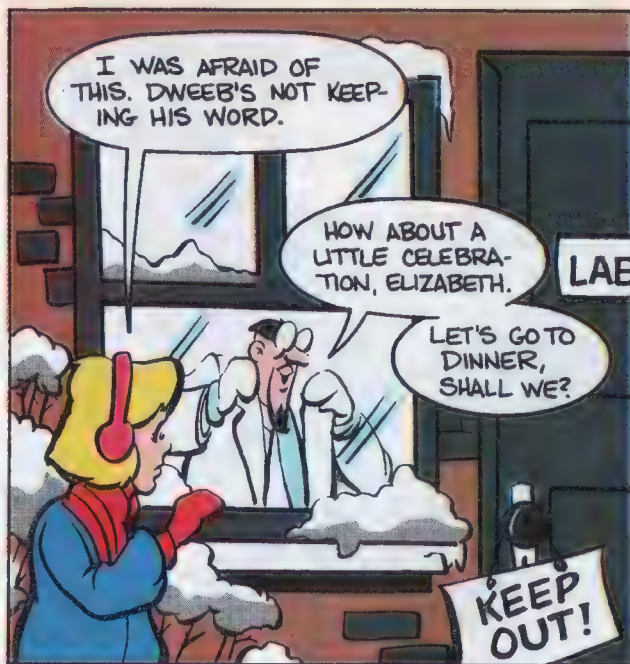




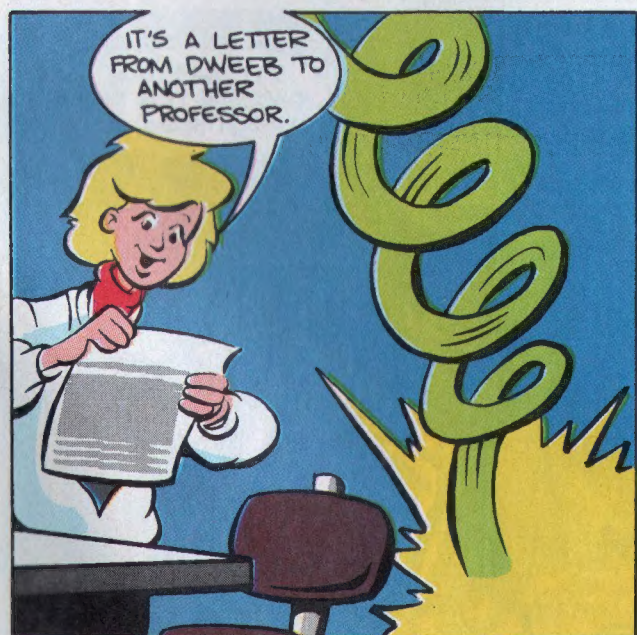




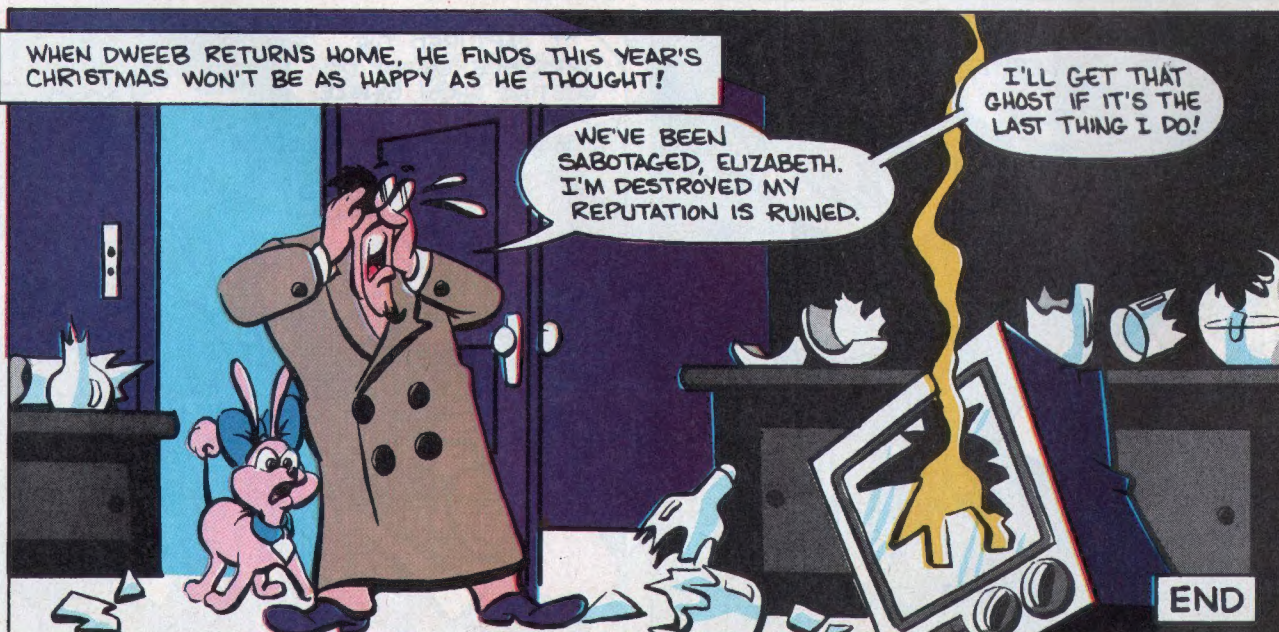
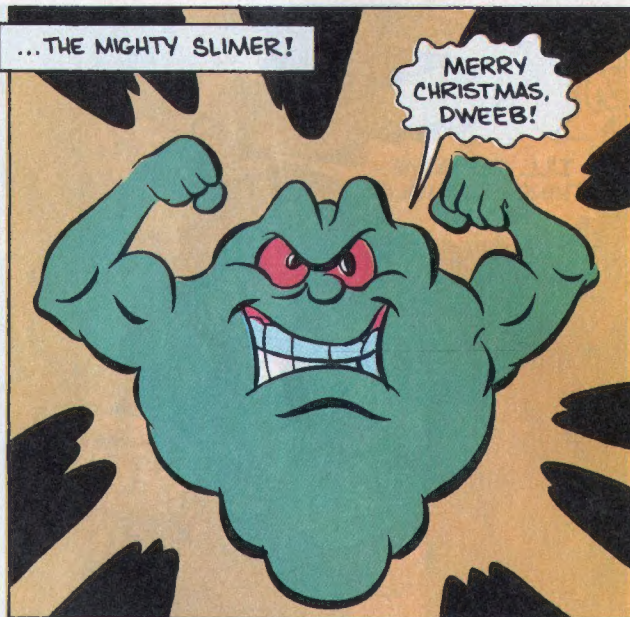
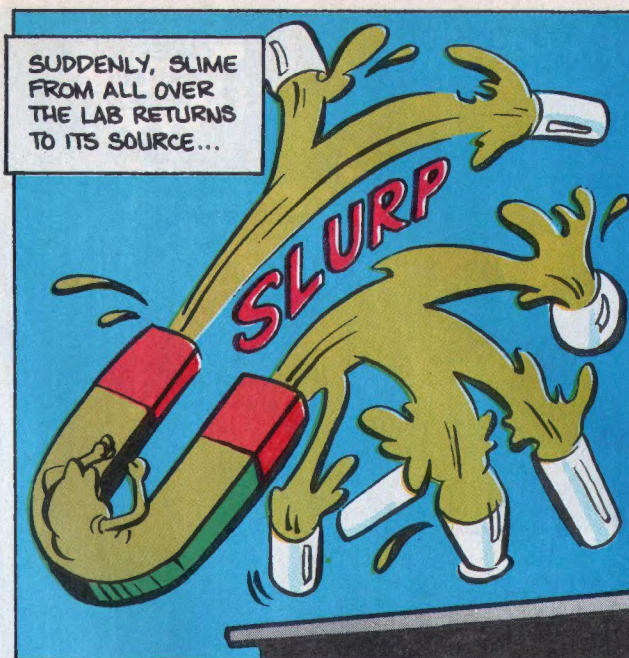
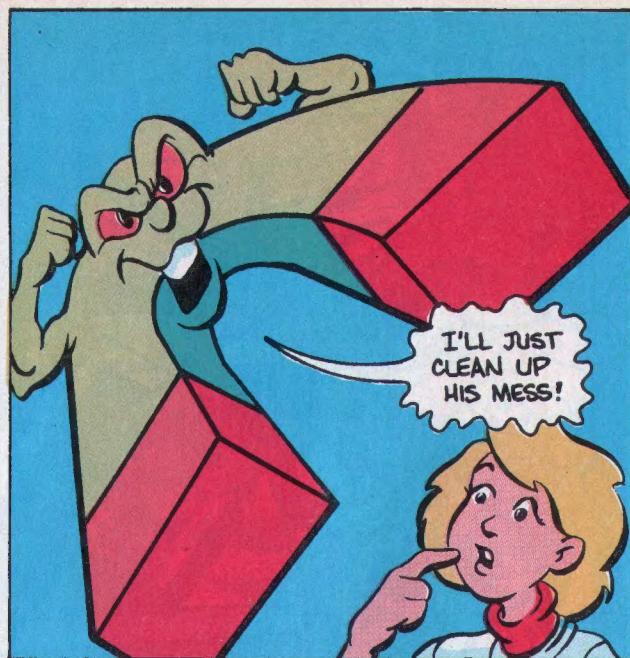










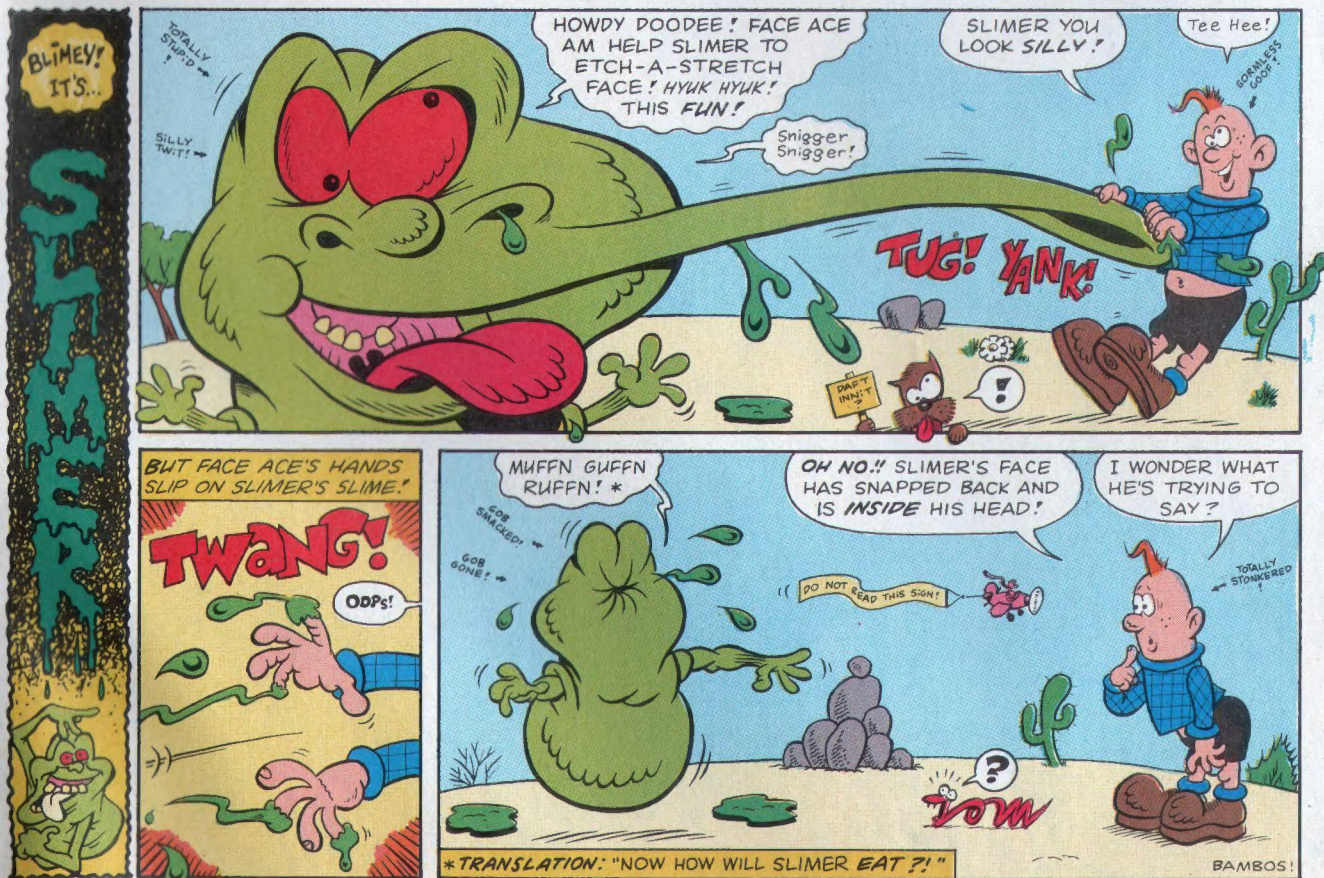




# FOREWARNED IS FOUR-ARMED!



**IN JUST 7 DAYS**





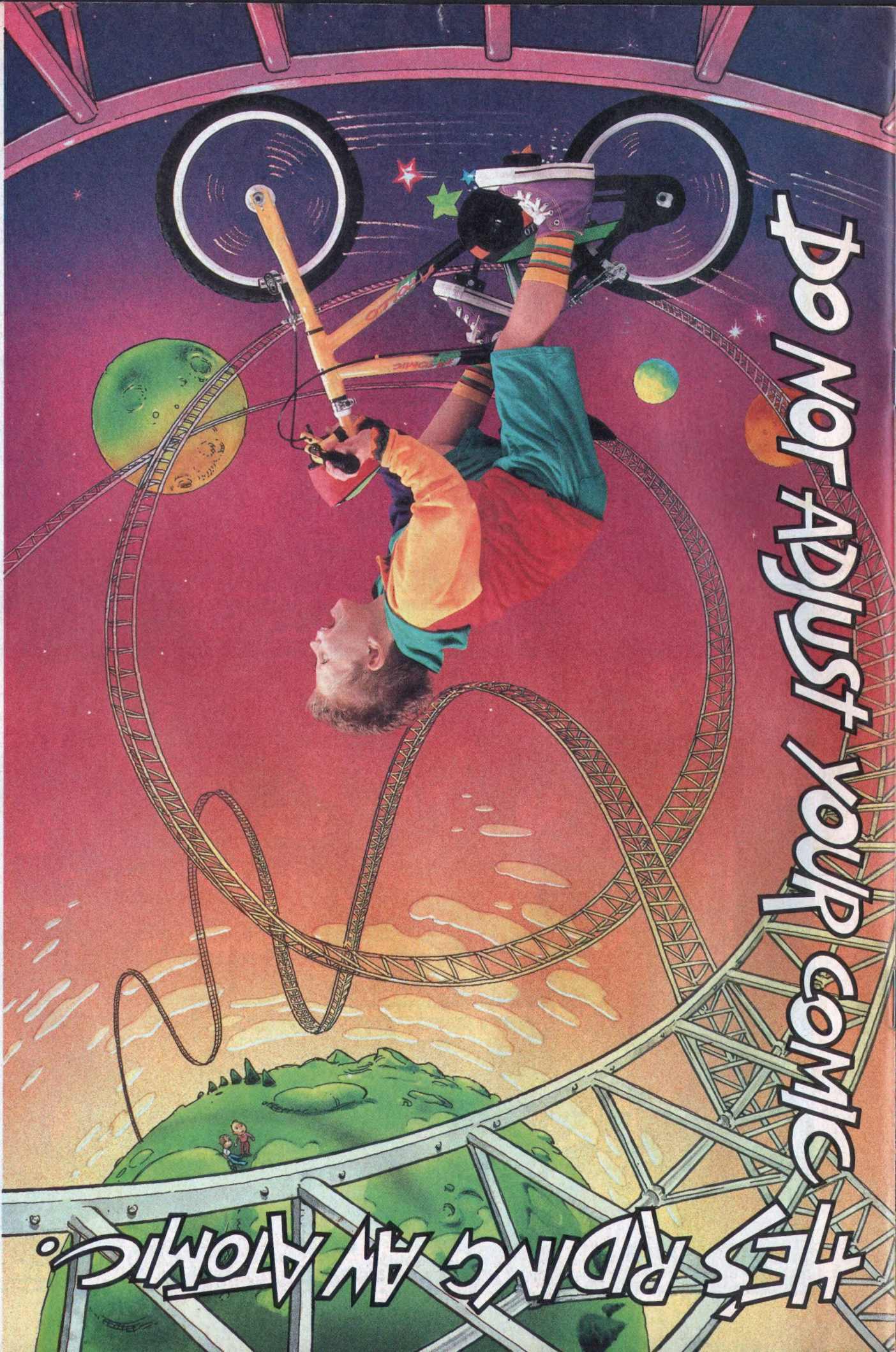


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